

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1903.

NO. 42.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:38 A. M. Daily.	
12:38 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:53 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The roadway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the roadway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 4:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.	6:45	12:10
" " South.	7:53	2:33
" " "	8:33	6:56

MAIL CLOS.

	A. M.	P. M.
North.	9:30	12:30
South.	10:30	6:30

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. R. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Grand.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
G. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. R. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Ella M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. R. Gilbert.	Redwood City

Justice Overtakes a Perjuror.

Seattle.—A special to the Post-Intelligencer from Dawson says that Ed Manthei, the man who perjured himself and sent Helen Wagner, an innocent woman, to the penitentiary from Nome last summer, has been captured in Dawson. While her case was on appeal Miss Wagner died of a broken heart in a Seattle hospital. Manthei has been a fugitive from justice for more than a year.

Must Not Scalp G. A. R. Tickets.

Los Angeles.—Judge Ross, in the United States Circuit Court granted the Santa Fe Railway Company a temporary order restraining local ticket scalpers from selling, purchasing, transferring or dealing in Grand Army excursion tickets. The brokers are cited to appear in court August 24 and show cause why a permanent injunction should not be issued.

Fire Destroys a Small Town.

Spokane, Wash.—A special to the Spokesman-Review from Brewster, Wash., says: Fire destroyed the principal business portion of this town. Only two business houses are left standing. The loss is about \$40,000, with a total insurance of \$6300. Brewster is located on the Columbia river near the mouth of the Okanogan river.

Noted Indian Dead.

Eureka.—"Coon-Skin" Dick, a noted Indian character of this place, died at the County Hospital last week. He was said to be nearly 100 years old.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

In the election held last week at San Diego for the purpose of voting a tax for maintenance of the public schools, only 368 votes were cast for it, while 204 were polled against it. The city has a population of about 20,000.

George E. Goodman Jr., a prominent young banker of Napa, after an illness covering a period of several months, is dead. He was connected with the James H. Goodman bank and was a member of the Masonic fraternity and several other organizations.

S. J. Flanery has been appointed Auditor and Recorder of Sutter county, vice E. C. McPhetridge, resigned. Flanery is a young man and has been clerking in a general merchandise store in Yuba city for the past eight years.

George H. Herrold, a graduate from the Stanford civil engineering department with the class of '96, has been appointed to the responsible position of division engineer by the Chicago Great Western Railway. He will make his headquarters at Red Wing, Minn.

Authorization has been received at Santa Fe headquarters in Los Angeles for the immediate beginning of work on the hotel to be built by the railroad company in the Grand canyon of the Colorado. It is expected that the structure will be ready for occupancy by March, 1904.

E. A. Austin, '05, assistant curator of the Stanford Museum, who has been spending the summer making a collection of minerals for the museum, is ill with typhoid malaria which he contracted in the mines of the Sutter creek region, and is now critically ill at his home in Stockton.

The body of an unknown man, with head nearly severed from the trunk, was found in the Duwamish river, Washington. The pockets of the trousers were turned wrong-side out, and a deep gash on the head indicates murder and robbery. The body had been in the water about two weeks. Nothing was found to lead to identification.

P. Olssen, a young farmer from Sonoma county, en route to Portland, met an affable stranger in San Francisco, who said that he was going to Portland, and induced Olssen to go to Alameda, where the stranger's sister would put up lunches for both. They met a third man and Olssen lent his new friend \$48 with which to match coins with the third man. The money and two men disappeared.

The new disease of the vines reported by Berkeley viticulturists calls forth vigorous denials from several of Napa county's largest and most prominent vineyardists. E. W. Churchill of the famous Tonalon vineyard says he has not heard of any such disease among the vines of Napa valley, either in his or anyone's else. This year bids fair to produce one of the largest crops in the history of Napa county.

Deleary Smith, grand president of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, has suspended the entire Aerie at Portland, Or. It appears the membership had engaged in a factional row over an alleged shortage in the books of the financial secretary. Some members have been expelled and others, including Governor Chamberlain, have been suspended for non-payment of dues. President Smith now settles the row by revoking the charter.

In recognition of the work of the University of California entomologists in the codlin moth investigation in the Pajaro valley, the Supervisors of Santa Cruz county have voted an additional \$250, with which the insect campaign will be continued into September. Professor Woodworth reports that the insect scourge is so well in hand that it will require only a month more to complete the spraying work which has been the major part of the fight against the pest.

From present appearances the salmon pack of Columbia river canneries will fall short of last year's output. Several cannery men agreed that the pack would probably not exceed 225,000 cases and that it might not go beyond 200,000 cases. Last year's output was between 285,000 and 350,000 cases. The total pack of salmon, including that of cold storage plants as well as of canneries, will probably be larger than last year. The output of pickled fish will also be very much larger. The present run of fish has been enormous.

At the suggestion of Congressman Bell a meeting of the grape and wine men of California will be held at St. Helena, August 15, 1903, for the purpose of discussing a national law regulating the manufacture and sale of adulterated wines. It is desired to obtain the consensus of opinion of those interested in the wine industry before introducing a pure-wine measure at the next meeting of Congress. All members of the California delegation in Congress have been invited, and a majority of them will be in attendance. The committee in charge consists of J. L. Beringer, chairman; B. Bruck, secretary; W. W. Lyman, F. S. Ewer, F. J. Merriam, H. Schram, A. Christin, C. L. Larue, J. Grimm and J. G. Johnson.

Harry Caldwell and his son of Victoria, B. C., were blown to pieces in a boat. All the remains found were scattered remnants of human flesh on the rocks near the shore. They went out in a boat to dynamite fish, and were to have gone to the camp where Mrs. Caldwell and the remainder of the family were spending the summer. While proceeding close to the shore and while opposite a large cluster of campers, there was a sudden explosion and the boat in which the two sat completely vanished. The craft and the occupants were shattered to atoms by the explosion, and there was nothing left even to give the slightest clue to their identity. It was ascertained, however, that Caldwell had secured the boat a short time before and had stated that he and his son intended to go dynamiting fish, and there is little doubt that these are the men who came to such a terrible end.

Ends Her Life on Eve of Marriage.

Los Angeles.—With her trousseau laid out at her home in readiness for her coming marriage, Lena Mueller, daughter of Michael Mueller, a saloonkeeper, took her own life because of a lover's quarrel. She was discovered in an unconscious condition in Eastlake Park by a policeman and died soon after being taken to the County Hospital. An empty chloroform bottle by her side in the park revealed the cause of her death. The girl was but 23 years of age.

Sentenced to Ninety-Nine Years.

Henderson, Texas.—Isham Strong, the negro surrendered on Friday night by a mob which had taken him from the officers for the purpose of lynching him, has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. After the conviction of Strong a negro named Mannel Thompson was brought in from Mount Enterprise, where, it is alleged, he attempted to assault a Miss Sparks. He was hurriedly tried and was also given ninety-nine years.

Australia's New Governor.

London.—The King has approved the appointment of Lord Northcote, now Governor of Bombay, as Governor-General of Australia, in succession to Lord Tennyson, who has resigned that post. The appointment will take effect in December.

Homestead Mills Closed.

Pittsburg.—Three of the sixteen mills of the Homestead Steel Works have closed down for necessary repairs, throwing out of employment about 500 men. During the next few weeks many of the mills and furnaces of the Carnegie Steel Company will be closed down for repairs.

Shot By a Hobo.

Ogden, Utah.—Charles Sullivan, an employe of Ringling Brothers' circus, was fatally shot near Hooper, about six miles south of Ogden. Sullivan had ordered a hobo from the car and the latter shot Sullivan twice, one of the bullets penetrating the lungs. The hobo escaped.

Redwood for United Kingdom.

Eureka.—The British bark Grasmere, carrying the fourth cargo of redwood lumber shipped to the United Kingdom, has cleared for London. She carried 869,049 feet of rough clear redwood lumber, valued at more than \$25,000. This cargo makes a total of 3,311,243 feet, valued at \$86,073.49.

REMNANT OF PROF. ANDRE'S BIG BALLOON

Explorer Finds What he Thinks Is a Portion of the Airship.

DISCOVERED UNDER ARCTIC CIRCLE

Returned Prospector Tells a Wierd Tale of Meeting With Indians By Whom He Was Taken to the Spot.

Vancouver, B. C.—What is believed to be a relic of the ill-starred Andre balloon expedition to the North Pole was brought to Vancouver by a returned prospector and miner, who has spent the last four years in the wilds of Mackenzie basin and other districts of the unknown North, both east and west of the Rocky mountains.

A. B. Keeler, who four years ago set out by the way of Edmonton to follow the great water courses of the Mackenzie river to the Arctic circle, arrived in this city and brought with him a portion of silk, such as was used by Andre in the construction of his balloon. Keeler tells in a most interesting manner how the precious little three-cornered fragment came into his possession.

He and one companion were at the headwaters of the Mackenzie river and decided to leave the route ordinarily traveled and strike due west to the unexplored regions under the shadow of the Rockies. After some days of rough and painful progress they at last reached a sort of valley or inclosed plateau not far from the mountains and right under the Arctic circle.

Here they met some Indians, who invited them to their village, which was in the plain, but which had never been visited by white men before. The Indians, by signs and otherwise, made it clear that they had never seen a white man but once before. Though the two explorers were unable to understand a word of the dialect spoken by the red men, and the latter could not, of course, understand them, it was at last made evident that these isolated Indians had seen a white man, and that under such extraordinary circumstances that it was a lively recollection to them.

To explain how they had seen the other white man, one of the Indians insisted on taking Keeler to a spot some distance from the village. Through fear of being separated from his companion and not knowing the motive of the Indian, Keeler was unwilling, but at last accompanied the Indian. When they had reached a spot on a little eminence over a mile from the Indian encampment, the native stopped, and in sign language, emphatically repeated over and over, showed Keeler where the other mysterious white man had landed.

From off-repeated signs, Keeler could gather that the white man had come down from the clouds in a great machine of wonderful construction, such as the Indians had never seen before. The Indian showed by signs that they had been greatly frightened by the sudden appearance of the man, whose skin, unlike theirs, was white, and, from the way he came, they concluded that he was a supernatural visitor.

It is from this same region that persistent rumors have come from the Indians, who asserted that they had seen the wonderful airship.

A. B. Keeler, a score of years ago, was one of the best-known followers of the turf in Eastern United States.

Crushed By a Train.

Bakersfield.—An unknown Mexican was killed by a train at Caliente on the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe. It is supposed that he was stealing a ride and fell under the wheels. The body was crushed and mangled beyond recognition.

Death of General Woodson.

Paola, Kans.—Brigadier-General A. E. Woodson, U. S. A., retired, died here, aged 69 years. He was in the military service forty-one years. He will be buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va.

Death of Austrian Historian.

Vienna.—E. Onna Klop, the well-known historian, is dead at the age of 81 years.

CALIFORNIA HAS A NEW RIVAL

Porto Rico Will Compete With Golden State In Orange Shipments.

New York.—The Commercial says: California oranges are likely to suffer from severe competition within a few years. For some time they have had the field almost entirely to themselves and have won their way into the most profitable markets in the country. The great freeze in Florida put that competitive region out of the way for a time, and California had almost no competition.

The new danger point is Porto Rico, situated far below the frost line, and there is no danger of a freeze. The soil is fertile and moist, requiring no irrigation. Labor is cheap. The cost of transportation to New York is 20 cents per box. Against these advantages it will be difficult for California to contend. There is more or less danger of frost in California and the largest orchards must be irrigated. Labor is scarce and high. Transportation is nearly or quite \$1 per box.

Porto Rico oranges will begin to come along next year. The fruit is reported equal to the Florida orange at its best. American capital is heavily invested in the Porto Rican orange enterprise.

Trophy for Best Hop Display.

Ogden, Utah.—Chairman Kiesel of the National Irrigation Congress received a cablegram from Adolphus Busch, dated Laugen Schwalbach, Germany, offering a silver loving cup valued at \$500 for the best exhibit of hops grown in the arid states and territories, to be shown at the coming session of the National Irrigation Congress at Ogden. This is the third cup to be offered in connection with the agricultural and horticultural exhibit, which promises to be a unique feature of the congress. William E. Smythe of San Diego, Cal., known as the "father of the National Irrigation Congress," has accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the congress, his subject being "The Influence of Irrigation on Western Civilization."

Had Planned to Escape.

Walla Walla, Wash.—The whole of a recent plot to escape from the penitentiary here has been disclosed by the confession of a convict, whose name Warden Dryden will not make known. Three convicts would have escaped had the plan not been made known. Meades was to have been killed and his clothes put on a man who was a physical counterpart of the superintendent. The trio were then to go through a hole in the brick wall of the jute mill, which they had planned to make, and get through the outer gate, which they expected would be opened by the guard on orders from the pseudo superintendent.

Was Member of the Vigilantes.

Santa Rosa.—J. W. Cassidy, a pioneer of this State and a former prominent resident of Petaluma, passed away Saturday. He was 81 years of age and came to California with the argonauts of 1849. He was the first man to build a fruit drier in California. This was erected in Sonoma county. Cassidy was a prominent member of the Vigilantes of 1856, which had much to do with ridding this section of the desperate characters which then infested it.

Narrowly Escape Fiery Death.

Gazelle.—A large barn on the Wadsworth ranch was burned and about 150 tons of hay and half a carload of grain were destroyed. Two horses perished in the flames. About fifteen men were sleeping in the barn and in order to make their escape they were obliged to jump from the loft. One man had his leg broken, and another a rib and a third sprained an ankle, while others were bruised.

Machinery for Russian Mills.

Peking.—An American firm has contracted to furnish Russian flour mills with \$300,000 worth of machinery. The output of the mills will be increased within a year to 1500 barrels per day, superseding the supply of flour from America.

Immense Damage to Crops.

Denver.—Reports from the farming region of Northern Colorado show such great destruction of crops by the recent terrific hail storm that the total damage is conservatively estimated at more than \$500,000.

Bond Issue Declared Invalid.

Bismarck, N. D.—The Supreme Court has declared void the \$700,000 of bonds authorized by the last Legislature for State educational and charitable institutions.

Buttermakers May Meet in this City.

San Francisco.—The National Association of Buttermakers of America may hold its 1905 convention in this city. The California Promotion Committee, assisted by a number of the most prominent buttermakers and dairymen of the State, has been working for some time to have the buttermakers meet here and in all probability they will be successful in their efforts. The association will convene in Sioux City this year and in St. Louis next year. A short time ago W. F. Jensen of Topeka, Kans., visited this State, and after studying the climate and conditions, made a most favorable report to the members of the association in the East. They are all anxious to see California and in all probability they will be glad of a chance to assemble here in 1905.

Flouring Mill Changes Hands.

Portland, Or.—The Portland Flouring Mills Company of this city has purchased the entire plant of the Everett Roller Mills at Everett, Wash. This mill was built about two years ago by capitalists connected with the Everett Land Company and is said to be one of the finest on the Pacific Coast. Its present capacity is 530 barrels per day, but the new owners will immediately increase it to 2000 barrels per day.

Falls Overboard and Is Drowned.

San Pedro.—Captain Smith of the schooner Maria E. Smith, which arrived from Ballard, Wash., reports the loss on the 5th inst. of Charles Henry Loveland, a sailor 22 years of age. Loveland fell from the mainmast peak to the deck, a distance of sixty feet, and rolled into the sea. Efforts to recover the body failed. Loveland's home was in Boston.

Crushed By Harvester.

Santa Rosa.—James H. Riffe passed away at Covelo Saturday and was buried Sunday. Death was the result of a terrible accident which befell Riffe on Tuesday last, when he was caught under an immense harvester and crushed.

Negro Robbers Are Hanged.

Birmingham, Ala.—Will Hudson and Will Jones, negroes, convicted of highway robbery, were executed in the county jail yard here. Hudson denied that he was guilty of the crime. Asked if he had ever killed anybody, he replied: "I will tell Old Master about that."

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store Sells

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous
American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of
the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Telling your troubles only enlarges them.

Seeds of discontent will take root in any soil.

Some people are so infernally polite as to inspire suspicion.

Even the pessimist sometimes laughs at the troubles of others.

We may have the big stick all right, but are we going softly?

A woman never feels dressed up unless she feels uncomfortable.

Take life easy during the hot weather and give the undertaker a rest.

It seems queer that contractors should be employed to widen streets.

Marriage is a feast—and the soup is often more palatable than the desert.

As for Serbia, it seems to be merely a question of under which king—Serbian or die.

A woman doesn't necessarily keep boarders just because she sometimes boards a train.

A married man should never talk in his sleep unless he is sure of what he is going to say.

Cholly Knickerbocker now calls 'em the Swift Set. This is rather more graphic and comprehensive.

Every man is a fool at some period of his terrestrial career, but fortunately he can't foretell the exact date.

Some of us go up like the rocket and down like the stick; others are raised on before the date of the grand display.

And the alphabet shrieked when Alexander fell. At least it would have shrieked if it had foreseen the new Serbian cabinet list.

The man who has abandoned an attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a dory is to be congratulated on not being an absolute fool.

Boston has "a society young man" who has not worn a hat for three years. He probably doesn't wish to hide his magnificent brain.

Soda water, so the college professor announces, is a by-product of the breweries and ought to be shunned. How about the root beer that mother makes?

King Peter says he is afraid it will be difficult for him to punish the slayers of Alexander. It is evident that Peter knows a ticklish job when he sees one.

Be not deceived. The timid damsel who shivers and clings to your arm during the fireworks display may positively refuse to consider you as a protector later on.

An advertisement of the quartermaster's department of the army asks for proposals to furnish seven thousand five hundred pairs of trousers. Not "pants." Lawabiding citizens will take notice.

Abdul Hamid, who lives in abject fear of assassination, insisted on being told that the king of Serbia died through an unfortunate accident. It would be a joke to kidnap the timid Sultan and make him spend a Fourth of July over here.

Count Boni de Castellane has been elected a member of the French chamber of deputies again. It seems necessary for Boni to get elected about every six weeks. No wonder the Gauls have to put up lots of money for his campaign expenses.

Through the movement toward the democracy of studies and constructive individualism a new ideal is being reached in American universities—that of personal effectiveness. The ideal in England has always been that of personal culture; that of France the achieving, through competitive examinations of ready-made careers; the satisfaction of what Vallari calls "impiegomania," the craze for appointment; that of Germany, thoroughness of knowledge; that of America, the power to deal with men and conditions.

One by one the treasures of the ancient world disappear. The campanile of St. Mark in Venice followed the example of the "one hoss shay," and collapsed almost without warning, and now comes the news that Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," in the convent of Santa Maria, Milan, is hopelessly ruined through the dampness and decay of the wall which it had adorned. Although it had frequently been repainted, one still felt, as he looked at it, that he was seeing the work of the great Italian. Hereafter one must be content with the sketches which Da Vinci made to guide him in his task of decorating the wall of the convent.

There is a good deal of talk about Dr. Lorimer's salary. He preaches in New York. Boston wants him, having had a taste of his efficiency, and

has offered him \$20,000 a year and a parsonage that is anything but a hut. It is a high-water mark salary, and causes discussion because there are people who do not believe that a minister of the Gospel should allow money to determine his location, or that any minister should be paid \$400 a week. There is a business side to it. The demands made on a modern minister are immense. He must be an orator, a thinker, a planner. He must have health, magnetism and that mysterious something that fills the pews, charges the very air with electricity, and makes the people treasure his words and support his projects. You cannot fix the cash value of that kind of a minister. He is worth whatever a church can afford to pay him, and if the sum is \$20,000 there isn't a shadow of a doubt that he will do his community \$20,000 worth of good.

Frequently one hears it said that such and such a word, if spoken before this or that man or woman, is like a red rag in front of a bull. Some of these inflaming words or phrases in political speech and writing are "protection," "free trade," "gold standard," "equal suffrage," "prohibition," "liquor license," and "third term." Controversy has waged round the ideas for which they stand, and all the hard feelings aroused by angry dispute are recalled when the words are used. Men and women are in such strict bondage to words that it is difficult to get at the merits of a question in discussion with them, if any of the "quarrel words" are used. The wise man, therefore, avoids such words and makes use of others, less worn, when he desires his views on controverted subjects to receive a respectful hearing. There are words of allurements, also, which tactful speakers employ to gain the good-will of their hearers. The discerning man who sees through words to the things they stand for is seldom excited by the quarrel words, and is not often allured by the enticement of empty compliments. He does his own thinking, as Emerson advised the young men of Harvard to do, when he told them that Plato and other notable thinkers, at the time they were evolving their theories, were young men in libraries, and held no patent on the right to reach independent conclusions. The inclination to let others do one's thinking is first cousin to the willingness to sit in bondage to mere words. There is no place for either of the cousins in the intellectual outfit of the men and women who lead in the work of the world.

It is better to have the microscope reveal the blue clay in a "coffee berry" than to await the tardy revelations of the disordered digestive apparatus. A man's stomach may stand the blue clay for years without serious protest, but the gastric juices will not labor with it always. The process of waiting for an intestinal rebellion is too slow for modern methods of warfare upon impure food. This is the very sound and sensible position taken by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. The microscope is now playing such an important part in exposing food frauds that the secretary has finally established a microscopic laboratory where all varieties of imported foods are examined before being submitted to the chemical tests and analyses in the chemical division. The revelations already made under the new regulations adopted by Congress are astonishing. Coffee berries, artistically shaped and browned, are found that consist of chicory, starch and other ingredients, and when ground present the appearance and give off the aroma of coffee. The cocoa adulterations disclosed by the microscope are said to be even more remarkable and more deceptive than the coffee adulterations. By means of the photo-microscopic camera for picturing adulterations and disease bacteria and the microtome for cutting articles of food into infinitesimal pieces it is possible now to detect almost any food sophistication that may be attempted. Judging by frequent disclosures on the part of chemists, health bureaus and State food inspectors, Secretary Wilson has a great task before him, and it is gratifying to note the completeness of his preparations for the work.

A Historic Lemon.
Who ever thinks of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill-fated Anne Boleyn? Yet indirectly she was the cause of its first introduction into England and so into popular notice. Henry VIII. gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honor of the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the blood royal. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies, to add to the splendor.

At one such banquet, graced by the presence of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an elegant novelty. To an epicure such as Henry the acquisition of a castle in France would have proved less acceptable, and such was the importance attached to the discovery—so says an old biographer—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies!

Export of Olives.
Spain's annual export of pickled green olives amounts to about \$300,000.

We have longed for many things, but we have never longed to own a parrot.

Man likes to believe in eternal punishment—for the other fellow.

HIS CABIN SUITS HIM, AMATEUR SURGEON AND HUSBAND

WHOSE LIFE SHE SAVED

ALTHOUGH CATTLE KING HEALY IS A MILLIONAIRE.

A Unique Character in New Mexico, Whose Wealth Is in Land, Cattle, Copper and Silver Mines—He Spends Less than \$500 a Year.

On a bleak and lonely side of the Santa Margarita mountains in New Mexico is a rude, barn-like cabin of rough-sawed boards. It is the home of James Healy, one of the wealthiest cattlemen in the Southwest. Healy would be taken for a tramp by almost anyone, and none would laugh more at the error than Healy himself. In some ways Healy is one of the most interesting men in the territory. His possessions in land, cattle, copper and silver mines in New Mexico and in Chihuahua, Mexico, are easily worth several millions of dollars. His average annual income for several years has been upward of \$80,000. Last year he sold cattle that alone brought him \$65,000, and it is believed his income ran up to about \$105,000. Yet, with all this wealth at his command, and with a knowledge that his great fortune is in gild-edged securities, he lives as cheaply as the commonest Mexican vaquero in his employ. He boasts that he spends less than \$500 a year on himself. His income is greater than that of some leaders of American society and notable votaries of fashion and elegance, but he has absolutely no knowledge of the influence and prestige his riches would have in other people's hands amid a different environment. "What good is there in money, if you can't buy land and cattle?" is the terse answer he gave someone once who was trying to tell the cattle king how other folks would use an income of nearly \$90,000 a year.

He has not been farther away from his range than to Kansas City in over thirty-five years, and he seldom goes farther from his shanty home than over to Las Vegas or down to Albuquerque. His wealth is piling up in land, cattle, copper property and mortgages to the amount of thousands of dollars every year. One hears homely speculations among the people in Las Vegas and the white settlers in San Miguel and Bernalillo counties in northern New Mexico, as to the disposition this strange and taciturn millionaire bachelor cattleman is going to



MILLIONAIRE HEALY'S CABIN.

make of all his money and property when his hair gets white and his stalwart frame is broken by age and disease.

Healy's Career.
James Healy went to New Mexico from Texas. He was born in Sedalia, Mo., in 1838, and with his parents went to Austin, Texas, in 1850. He has always lived on the plains and has no knowledge of any other life. He never went to school but three years, and that was on the plains of Texas. But he was born with rare sagacity and a peculiar border shrewdness that reads men at one glance and knows a schemer instinctively. So, while he is ignorant of worldly ways and has not the meagerest knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations of the people in the busy, pushing, progressive world outside of the lonely southern spur of the Rocky Mountains, where he has lived for longer than a generation, he knows cattle and sheep as thoroughly as any man ever did, and he has the natural rough skill to drive the best bargains for anything he buys or sells. His chief stock in trade is an iron constitution and a bravado nerve that made him well known on the frontier before he was 20.

He became a vaquero in Texas when he was but 17, and he has been at it ever since. He never talks about his possessions, and he is as close as an oyster when anyone tries to get him to tell what sums his semi-annual cattle shipments to Kansas City yield. But he will sit all night and smoke and drink whisky and claret mixed and tell his ideas about breeding long or short-horned cattle, about the relative profit in sheep or cattle and how he has many a time saved a good critter from death by disease and for shipment to the slaughter house. From the meagerest beginnings and with only a stout heart and two brawny arms as his equipment for wealth production, James Healy has come to his present wealth. The story of his rise is as thrilling as any border fiction. The story tells how young Healy herded cattle in a region infested by Apaches; how he rode as a Texas ranger in the last Comanche campaign and was once picked up for dead on the scene of an Indian ambush; how he has fought and killed the most dangerous desperadoes in the cattle country at several times in his long experience on the southern border, and how he has trailed cattle thieves and rustlers for weeks at a time, all go to make incidents in as



DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. LOGAN

Eight hundred miles from the nearest physician and with her husband in danger of dying unless operated on immediately Mrs. William H. Logan, of Bethany, Ill., who recently went to China with her husband as missionary, gave him an anaesthetic and successfully removed his appendix, following instructions he gave her before he relapsed into unconsciousness. When Dr. Logan had rallied sufficiently from the operation Mrs. Logan took him 800 miles by rail and wagon to a physician, where the treatment was completed.

lively and veracious a biography as was ever penned.

That was the school this uncommon millionaire of to-day was reared in. His associates have been Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, hardened characters on the border and half-breed Indians. "All I know is Mexicans, Indians, cattle and ranges, and it ain't no use for me to try to put on dog," said Jim Healy recently to someone who wondered why the man lived so meanly, in spite of his fast-increasing wealth.

When the Navajos were moved by the government to southern New Mexico, in the latter 60's, Jim Healy and other vaqueros went northward with little bands of cattle and settled on tracts of land close to the Arizona territorial line. That was the real beginning of the Healy fortune. In a few years he had several hundred head of steers. Then he had several thousand. He spoke the Spanish tongue as well as his own, and no American knew the border and its rude, rough ways so well as Jim Healy did. When he sold his cattle he bought more land. Then, with more land, he increased his herd. With further sales of cattle, he bought more land. So he kept on buying land, trading for cattle and water rights, occasionally dabbling in sheep and wool, until he has become a millionaire.

Healy reads with difficulty, and he has someone employed in the Las Vegas National Bank to keep his cash and collections there shipshape. He has never seen a drama, heard a concert or anything theatrical or operatic since 1870, and then in El Paso. So far as dress is concerned, he would be taken for a poor, forlorn cow-herder any day.

HAMMURABI OF BABYLON.
King Who Reigned Over Twenty-two Hundred Years Before Christ.

Hammurabi reigned in Babylon about 2250 B. C. We know nothing of Babylon before his time. There were other local capitals: Ur, Erech, Nippur and Lagash to the south, and Agane and Sippara to the north, each the seat of a temple of some one of the gods. At Sippara the local divinity was Shamash, the sun god. We know the form under which Shamash was worshiped, for Mr. Rassam, in his excavations at Sippara, the modern Abu-habba, dug up, from a great depth, the sacred image of the god, a bas relief on a large slab, accompanied by a memorial inscription of King Nabu-abal-iddin, or Nebo-gives-a-son. The sun god sits on his throne under a canopy, and the king is presented to him by two divine attendants. Before the god, resting on a table, is the symbol of the sun, with alternate rays and streams; and above are two figures who direct the course of the sun in his daily journey, much as a Persian artist would place the disk of the sun in a chariot to be drawn by his horses, or as a Greek artist would give him a charioteer. There are smaller symbols of the sun, the moon and Venus, and the cuneiform inscription explains the meaning of the composition. When this stone was found by the Arab workmen, they came running to Mr. Rassam and told him they had found Noah with his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth; and Mr. Rassam was so pleased that he killed an ox and made them a great feast. In this city of Sippara and before the sun god's temple Hammurabi set up one of the great stone columns on which were inscribed the laws. It remained there three hundred years or more, until, in feeble succession, the

kings from the mountains of Elam invaded and conquered again the rich plains of Babylonia. We know not what costly spoil of gold and embroidered vestures they carried away; but much more important for us was their loot of the historical stone monuments of Babylonia, and most fortunate of all was their choice of the stele of Hammurabi. He had first brought the heavy stone, perhaps, from the mountains of Arabia, it may be by boat from the western side of the Arabian peninsula, some think even from the Sinaitic quarries at the north end of the Red Sea. That would have taken a year's travel. The Elamite conqueror put this stone and a considerable number of smaller stone records of land grants, called kudurus, into boats, and, following the main canals, reached the Tigris River (for Sippara is near the Euphrates), and then passed down to the Persian Gulf, and thence up the Karun or Eulaeus River, or quite as likely through some of the intersecting canals, and by this long journey they were brought to grace his triumph at Susa.—Century.

When the Count Proposed.
"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."
"Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which with the other figures meant \$10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant \$100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to \$1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it \$10,000,000.
"Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—ah, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Washed Coins.
Queen Alexandra, it is said, has a great horror of the microbes. She will in no case accept a piece of money until it has been thoroughly cleansed. Whenever a check is turned into hard cash for the queen's use the coins are plunged into a basin and scrubbed in a lather of spirits of wine, water and soap, to which has been added a few drops of carbolic acid. After this bath the coins are placed in the royal purse and her majesty is ready to start out on her purchasing tour. But when she tenders a coin in payment for any article on which change is due the change is never on any account handed to the queen, but is turned over to her lady in waiting. At the end of the shopping excursion all of the coins received in the way of change from tradesmen are put into the microbe-destroying bath before they get into the royal purse.

Negro Voters About.
There are 30,000 negro voters in New York, 21,000 in New Jersey, 3,000 in Rhode Island, 8,000 in Delaware, 60,000 in Maryland, 15,000 in West Virginia, 18,000 in Indiana and 14,000 in Kansas.

This is how important a groom is in a girl's life: When she was graduated from school, the event lasted ten days longer.

\$400,000 IS REFUSED FOR AN OLD LOG CABIN

The recent refusal of James and Henry Dennison of Swissvale, Pa., to sell their property adjoining the Carnegie furnaces of the Carnegie Steel Company at Rankin to the United States Steel corporation for a sum said to be \$400,000 has created considerable interest in the property. Interest is especially directed to the old log house on the property, which is one of the oldest houses in Greater Pittsburgh and has a history replete with interesting events. The Dennison farm comprises forty acres of river frontage west of the Carnegie furnaces. It was originally known as the Troy farm and was owned by Eneas McCallister, who patented the land October 19, 1784. The original patent embraced 187½ acres.

On December 17, 1788, McCallister sold out to John McDowell a part of the land, including the old Jack Adams farm, on which the Carnegie furnaces stand. He also sold at the same time part of the Troy farm to Rinehart Antis, who in turn sold that part to John Milligan. John McDowell lived in the log house still standing. Magnus Murray purchased the farm in 1815 and it was sold by the sheriff to John Reed in 1822 for \$7,000. Real estate suffered a marked decrease in value after that, as is shown by the fact that on March 12, 1832, John Adams purchased a large portion of the

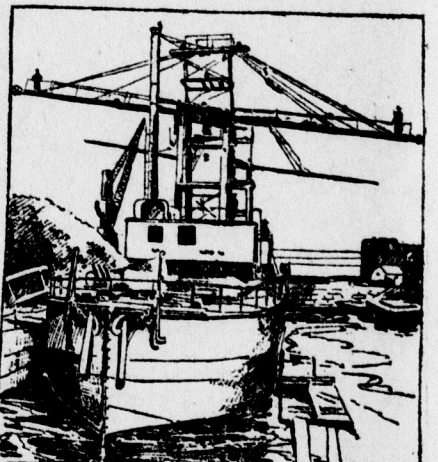


OLD DENNISON CABIN.

farm for \$2,000. The present farm was purchased by the father of the present owners for a very small consideration. The log house on the property is only a part of the original building erected by Eneas McCallister about 1784 and which was used as a road house for many years. The house contains a winding stairway and a cabinet mantle which were made in England. They are of solid oak and handsomely carved. The nails used in the building, as well as all the hardware, are hand made.

The United States Steel corporation desired to purchase the property to erect a mill and a number of blast furnaces about a year ago and made repeated offers, the last one, it is said, being \$400,000 for the property, all of which were refused. Difficulties arising over the purchase of property by the Carnegie Steel Company from the Dennisons years ago is the cause of their refusal to sell the ground to the company.

THEY CALL IT A "HAULABOUT."



The British navy has adopted a new device for supplying warships with fuel. Big steel barges are equipped with traveling cranes, two to each barge, moving along rails laid on either side of the hatches. When a warship arrives at a navy yard for coaling, one of the barges is towed alongside and the coal stored in the hold is worked out by means of the cranes. Each barge can carry 13,000 tons, and the cranes are capable of transferring this amount to other vessels in a comparatively short time. The barges are officially known as "haulabouts."

Story of a Little Girl.
A true story is told of a little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ailing, and in consequence had to be put to bed early.

"Mamma," she said, "I want to see my dear papa."
"No, dear," said her mother. "Papa is not to be disturbed just now."
Presently came the pleading voice: "I want to see my papa!"
"No," was the answer. "I cannot disturb him."

Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege. "Mamma," she said, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

A Sornambulist.
A good story is told at the expense of a police inspector of New York, who when he was new to the business of a patrolman, once, with great official zeal, grasped and held a citizen on his beat who was addicted to sleep-walking.

"Hold on!" cried the man. "You mustn't arrest me. I'm a sornambulist!"

"I don't care what your religion is!" exclaimed the ardent officer. "You can't walk the streets in your night shirt!"

The lawyer seldom works with a will until the doctor clears the way.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



"Out of the Mouths of Babies."

On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy book, which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little words of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempt. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page, the little hand was laid upon them, and looking up into my face with an artlessness that was so beautiful, she said: "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so much fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not "see the blots." When littleness and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter page. In all our bleared and blotched books, there are some "leaves of healing." And when on bended knee we bring the day's poor purposes and poorer performances to the great Father, and say, "Forgive us our trespasses," let it be with the soft undertone of the child's filial faith, "Father, do not see the blots."—G. H. G.

The Oldest Living Clergyman.

It is believed that Rev. William Howe, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., is the oldest living clergyman in this country. He is in his ninety-eighth year. For a man of his age he is remarkably active. Only a few weeks ago he officiated at the funeral of a well-known business man in Cambridge. Dr. Howe observed his ninety-sixth birthday last year by preaching for fifty minutes without notes at the Broadway Baptist Church, Cambridge. He was born in Worcester and received an academic education in Amherst Academy. He graduated from Colby University, then named Waterville College, in 1833, and from the Newton Theological Seminary in 1836. Following his studies at Newton he established a circuit of eight mission schools in Boston. One was in a sail loft on Commercial street, from which developed the Baptist Bethel on Hanover street. From another mission on Friend street came the Union Baptist Church. From 1863 to 1870 he was pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, Cambridge. He was one of the originators of the Boston Associated Charities, and was a member of the Boston School Board.

Westminster Confession Changes.
Changes in the Westminster confession, agitated for twenty years by the Presbyterians north, have finally been accomplished, and that by what nobody expected half a dozen years ago, viz., a unanimous vote by commissioners to two general assemblies. So far as can be discovered, the denomination is perfectly sincere in its acceptance of the change, and enters with a will upon the task, adopted for it by the assembly just in session in Los Angeles, to raise \$12,000,000 for educational causes. Cumberland Presbyterians made no reservations over their desire for union with Presbyterians north, and, while Presbyterians south made no movement looking toward union with northern Christians of their name, they did express favor toward the project of union with the Dutch branch of the Reformed Church. The feature of the current year is likely to be the extraordinary movement toward organic union; a movement that May meetings did nothing in any direction to check, and a great deal to encourage.

The Boy John Wesley.

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley, only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and

he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work, and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid over-deliberateness, which he got from his mother, but which to the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed, in a lad not yet in his teens, half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—Century.

The Stings in Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock,
We say of him his strength is proved.
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings:
"Forget life's little things."

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christians must,
When patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet fierce resentment quickly slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

But what is this? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequences,
Make up the sum for you and me.
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

Number of Books in the Bible.

A suggestion lately made by an exchange may aid some one whose memory is defective to fix in the mind the number of books in the Bible. Apply to the Old Testament a process of adding, or rather of affixing, and the number of books in it is reached. The word "Old" is made up of 3 letters; the word "Testament" of 9 letters. Place these side by side and they give the number of books in the Old Testament, 39. Apply to the New Testament a process of multiplication, and the number of books in it is reached. The word "New" contains 3 letters; the word "Testament" 9. Multiplying 3 by 9 gives the number of books in the New Testament, 27. The addition of 39 and 27 gives the total number of books in the Bible, 66.—The Homiletic Review.

JUDICIAL PROMPTNESS.

Chief Justice Was Not Asleep, Though He Did Seem to Be.

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England from 1880 until 1894, has been described as England's greatest criminal judge. A writer in the Pall Mall Magazine says that in appearance he was the very embodiment of judicial dignity. He was ever courteous and considerate, and never tried to win cheap applause at the expense of an inexperienced barrister or overwrought witness.

He had a curious habit, on the bench, of leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, and this sometimes led to the unwary to consider that he was asleep.

On one occasion, during the trial of a prisoner for setting fire to a dwelling-house, the counsel for the defense was much upset through his ignorance of the chief's habit. Throughout the day he had been trying to get before the jury the fact that a man other than the prisoner had openly threatened to burn down the particular house.

Each attempt to introduce testimony which the rules of evidence would not admit, was checked by a prompt objection, sustained by the court. But when the speech for the defense was begun, Lord Coleridge went off into his usual doze, and the counsel saw his opportunity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "let me come to another and most serious point. We have heard from the witnesses that a certain Bill Smith had prior to the fire, been dismissed by the prosecutor from his services. Now, gentlemen, I can tell you something—"

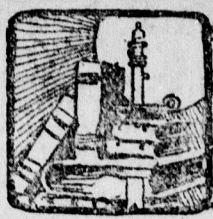
"But not about Mr. William Smith, I'm afraid," came from the bench, in gentle tones which conveyed no sense of irritation or annoyance.

Jane's Poor Memory.

"Jane has a remarkable memory."
"For faces, yes. But not for dates. Jane was born during the Gettysburg fight, and just the other day she tried to make Mr. Peterman believe that it was one of the battles of the Spanish war."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fate of Albanians.

One in four Albanians dies by violence.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Combination of Farmers.

An organization called the American Society of Equity, consisting of farmers and having its headquarters at Indianapolis, has issued a bulletin to the farmers of the West advising them that, by means of co-operation, it is easily possible to make \$1 per bushel the minimum price of wheat during the coming season. . . . The executive authorities of the American Society of Equity believe that it is easily possible, if the farmers will but exercise a small degree of self-restraint, to have the price of wheat in Chicago range from \$1 upward, though the advice is given not to insist upon more than \$1, for the reason that to hold for higher prices would lead to a great accumulation of the wheat supply in this country, which would have a disastrous effect when the time came to market the next harvest.

An obvious difficulty in carrying out a plan of this kind is the impossibility of securing concerted action among hundreds of thousands of individuals widely separated from each other and having little or no immediate intercommunication. It also has to be borne in mind that the command we have of the markets of Europe for the disposal of our wheat is a conditional one. If these were a failure of the crops in the great grain-growing countries of the world, of course, our wheat growers, if they had been fortunate, would be in a position to ask almost any price in reason which they saw fit to demand, but when the wheat crops of the great grain-growing countries are satisfactory in quantity our sales are predicated on a willingness to take the same price that others are asking for equivalent supplies.—Boston Herald.

Advice on How to Succeed.

THERE are some faint signs of a warning in the epidemic of advice on how to succeed. It is futile enough, as a rule, for one man to give advice to another in a particular case when his advice has been sought and when he knows all the main facts. But what an utter waste of time for one man to advise an infinitely large and wholly unknown audience of all ages, conditions and aptitudes. And upon such a subject as success! What is "success?" Does anybody know? Can anybody tell? Is it to earn \$10,000,000 and lose friends, family life and health? Is it to become President or Senator and lose mainly self-respect by truckling to bosses, lying about one's real views on every important question and making one's self a mere voting machine to register the will of an interest or a combination of interests in control of the campaign committee and therefore of the party? Is it to write a book to catch the crowd—a book one must apologize for to all one's acquaintances? Or is it merely to keep one's self-respect, to work conscientiously at the task in hand and to care not a rap for consequences? When Shakespeare made Wolsey say, "Fling away ambition," he was expressing something more than the bitterness of a soured and stricken statesman. Whenever a man entertains an ambition beyond the development of his own intellect and character, doesn't he mount himself upon a steed that has never yet been broken to bridle?

What the deponents of advice on success are really seeking is something they can never find—how to succeed without work. At bottom all the envy of the well-to-do in the bosoms of the not-well-to-do is based upon hatred of work. The rich man is not envied for his cares, for his responsibilities; the facts that he has to work and to worry without ceasing, that he never has a thought free from the enslavement of some sort, are absolutely ignored. All the easier thinks is, "That fellow doesn't have to work." And it is impossible to convince him that he is mistaken just as it is impossible to convince the average human being that he would not, and could not, endure it to change places with the King of England and Emperor of India unless he had been bred from childhood to the dull life of royalty. It is easy to reason men into a belief in the multiplication table and the law of gravitation. The impossible begins when one seeks to demonstrate the propositions about life that are "plain as the nose on your face." There isn't room for doubt that the only escape from wretchedness in this

world is through work, plenty of hard work, and that to induce any man to work there must be compulsion—compulsion of responsibility or compulsion of necessity. Yet who believe it in the bottom of their hearts? Not many.—Collier's Weekly.

Man-Made Floods and Desolation.

BEFORE 1862 there was a good boating stage of water through the open season in the Western rivers. This ranged in the Ohio and Mississippi from twelve to fifteen feet. Now, in nearly all the rivers, there are periods when the water is very high, and other periods when it is very low.

Forty years ago the smaller rivers and streams in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—many of them fed by springs—had a regular flow the year around, and were full to the banks. The man who returns to his old home in these States now finds these creeks and rivers almost dry in the summer and raging torrents in the spring.

Many of the springs famous forty years ago are no longer in existence. Streams that then gave a regular supply of water to hundreds of farms are now in the summer time simply a series of pools. Even in our largest rivers in the dry season there is scarcely water enough for navigation, while in the spring come great floods like that recently raging in the Missouri and its tributaries.

There is a reason for this change. Fifty years ago the native forests in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York were in their wild state. The trees had not been cut and the underbrush had not been cleared away. Now these forests have all been cut. Where there were square miles of forest there are now square miles as bare of trees as the prairies in Illinois.

Forty years ago the headwaters of all our great river systems were in highlands covered by trees. Gradually inroads were made upon these forests, and the mountains in which are found the fountains of the Ohio River system are now denuded. In the mountain regions at the sources of the Missouri and its tributaries two-thirds of the timber has been cut. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, on the headwaters of the Mississippi, 90 per cent of the trees have been cut. . . .

Had the forests on the mountains and foothills not been cut or been destroyed by great forest fires, the snow would not have melted quickly and the heavy rainfall would, in part, have been retained in forest lands. Under present conditions, however, the thousands of mountain streams run with overflowing banks to the rivers, and the great river became a terrific agent of destruction.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Warning to Strikers.

WE all know from past experiences that it is quite possible for the members of a great community, in all except their food supply, to subsist when the outputs of mills and factories are reduced to less than half of the amount which it is possible for them to produce. But such a shutting-down means that the great mass of the wage-earners are no longer in receipt of earnings which rise in any degree above what is necessary to merely maintain existence. Under such conditions the operatives in American factories are made to realize by painful personal experience that there are other qualifications besides the better rate of wages and the minimum hours of daily work in determining whether their condition is or is not a satisfactory one. The man who can find work only for one-third to one-half of his time is ordinarily hard pressed to support his family, and hence we would suggest to the labor organizations that, while their demands in many instances may be just ones and worthy of determined maintenance, such demands should be made with discrimination, and that sympathetic strikes, which disarrange trade, should be deprecated, and not advocated. We say this because it is easily possible, by an extension of the troubles we are now having, to so paralyze industry as to bring what is known as business prosperity to a prompt and for some years to come, an effective ending.—Boston Herald.

THE FARMER IS A TYRANT WHO COULD NOT WELL BE SPARED

NINE times out of ten when you scratch a farmer you scratch a tyrant," said a suburban man who always has a new theory in his vest pocket.

"It's a fact; I'm a farmer's grandson, a farmer's son, and a farmer myself, so I know what I'm talking about. To own land and have sole control of everything his eye lights on is what makes a man a tyrant. The man who bosses farm hands all day, and who bosses horses, cows and pigs from morning till night, naturally gets to bossing his wife and his sons and daughters. He is czar of his small rural Russia, and it takes a firm hand to hold him down. That's why so many farmers have feuds with other farmers in their neighborhood—so many czars naturally come in conflict, and fall out.

"More than any other man in the world," continued the amateur preacher, "the man who lives in the country needs a good, firm-handed, high-tempered wife to hold him in, and make him behave himself. Every farmer who will tell the truth will tell you this. The farmer's wife must be a good fighter—for she has, in most cases, lots of fights to fight. She has to fight for her chickens—the tyrant-farmer always tries to meddle with his wife's chickens; she has to fight for college educations for her sons and daughters—she has to fight for all their privileges and pleasures. The average farmer never can understand why his children don't love farm life as well as he does. The farmer's wife has to keep peace between him and his neighbors—she has too often to contend to get a horse to go to town with on little pleasure jaunts of her own. Oh, these things are all true, in too many farmers' families.

"The farmer is a fine fellow, and the world couldn't spare him, but he does love to boss to beat the band. Two of my daughters have married farmers, and I put mischief into their heads in good season and taught them how to hold their own. A man respects a woman who won't let him have his own way too much. My wife has regulated me until I'm pretty respectable—and that's why I see all these things. Most farmers are big tyrants—yes, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

"No, you haven't," admitted the doctor; "but the magazine seems to open naturally to this article, my friend," and he soberly passed the magazine to the clergyman, who read aloud: "Some Curious Cases of Circumstantial Evidence in Criminal Trials."—Youth's Companion.

Miss Solomon and Her Lover.

A woman was walking in a palm grove when a man saw her and hastened after her. When she asked him why he followed her, he replied: "Because I am in love with you." "And why are you in love with me?" she asked. "My sister who comes after me yonder is far more beautiful than I; go and fall in love with her instead." The man complied and went back, but only to look upon a woman as

ugly as sin. He was vexed and returned to the first woman and said to her:

"Why did you deceive me?"

And she made answer:

"Did you not also tell me an untruth? For if you were really in love with me, why did you turn back to the other woman?"—New York Sun.

No Benefit Derived.

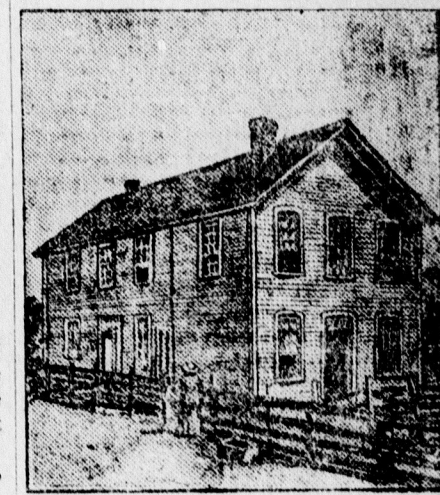
Bertie—Did you hear my rich old uncle was dead?
Gussie—No, what did he leave you?
Bertie—Nothing.
Gussie—Well, what's the good of his being dead?—La Rire.

The women often speak of some one who looked beautiful in death. Notice that the men never use that word in connection with the dead?

AN HISTORICAL BUILDING.

Old Masonic Hall, Neosho, Confederate Capital of Missouri.

During the Civil War Neosho, Mo., was the scene of many stirring events. Situated on the line between the North and the South, it would be one day in the hands of the Federal forces and next in the hands of the Confederates. It was here that the seceders met, and on October 21, 1861, in the old Masonic Hall building, of which we give an illustration, and which is still



OLD MASONIC HALL.

standing, signed the articles of secession. The body was composed of the deposed Governor Jackson and 39 members of the Confederate wing of the House and 19 members of the Senate, and the following is the title of the bill passed: "An Act declaring the ties heretofore existing between the United States and the State of Missouri dissolved." During the consideration of this measure the town was defended by Price's army, which was stationed on the hill tops surrounding the place. The only dissenting votes to the passing of the bill were those of Charles H. Hardin in the Senate and Isaac N. Shambaugh in the House. The passing of the act was greeted with applause and the roaring of the cannons of Price's command.

The building has been removed from its original site, to give place to the city's growth, but it still stands in a fair state of preservation and is an object of much interest to strangers who visit the town.

DEAR DEAD PAST.

Modern Terms of Measuring Affections of the Human Heart.

The old millionaire entered his study, and after carefully bolting the door behind him sat down at his desk and began to rummage in the capacious bottom drawer, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A look of intense anxiety overspread his seamed and rugged visage as he failed to find the object of his search, but presently this gave way to a smile when further search rewarded his endeavors. He gave a sigh of relief and settled back in his chair to examine the package of old letters he held in his hands. With trembling fingers he untied the faded knot of blue ribbon that bound them, and slowly began to read. They were love letters, his own love letters, written in the days of his ardent young manhood, when success had first smiled upon him. As he read, the countenance of the old man softened, and the present was forgotten. He was alone with the past, the dear, dead past. But was it dead? No, for the magic of those burning words seemed to ignite again in the old man's heart the flame that had glowed there long ago. For see—a tear gathers in his sunken eye and slowly rolls down his wrinkled cheek. "Dear little Amy," he whispers. "Dear little woman! how foolishly fond of you I was in those days. You were, indeed, the dearest woman I ever met. Your breach of promise suit cost me a cool \$25,000!"

Sea-Water Bread.

A Philadelphia baker is the authority for the assertion that the latest fad of dyspeptics is bread made with sea-water, instead of fresh water. "It has a saltier taste," he says, "than we are accustomed to, but it is very palatable. In fact, he who likes salty things is apt to like it better than the other kind of bread." A physician, he says, "asked me about three months ago to make some of this bread for his patients. At first I made six loaves a day, but now I make thirty. My sea-water comes up to me three times a week. The dyspeptics who buy the bread say it is the only kind they can eat fresh without discomfort."

A Unique Pet.

The wife of the governor of North Borneo has a pet that few people will envy her. The governor's house is near a jungle, and out of this there strayed one morning a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he soon became tame, and now refuses to return to the wilds. Sixteen quarts of milk a day is what this pet requires, and on it he thrives and grows fat. He does not look much like the full-grown rhinoceros, and might be mistaken for a curious sort of hog, were it not for his single horn. He is devoted to his mistress and follows her about like her dog.

Pertinent Reply.

"Say," queried the inquisitive person as the stranger paused to light a cigar, "may I ask what your business is?" "You may," replied the stranger. "Well," said the rubber-neck after a pause, "what is it?" "Minding it," said the stranger. "Minding what?" asked the astonished party of the preface. "My business," was the significant reply.

Never try to dispose of wedding presents if you would preserve your confidence in friends.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1903.

Peace hath her victories. The Grand Army has captured San Francisco.

The S. F. Call of Monday gave the Colma incorporation schemers a red hot roasting. The Call hits several nails on the head in its article, but we do not see why Supervisors Eikenkotter and Debenedetti should be caricatured so as they have been by the Call pictures.

The welcome of San Francisco to the grizzled veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic is great, grand and glorious. It is well. The Grand Army will shortly be no more than a glorious memory, whilst the guardian city of the Golden Gate and Mistress of the Pacific seas stands in the dawn of her future greatness. These veteran soldiers of the Republic made the future San Francisco possible. This grand meeting is hail and farewell, for never again will the members of the Grand Army gather on the shores of the Pacific.

It is claimed that the Board of Supervisors are bound by law to grant the petition of the Colma incorporation schemers. Such claim is preposterous if it means granting petition with all the territory upon which there is any semblance of a town settlement. However, should the Supervisors grant the petition for one square mile, with Colma Station as the center, we venture to say the petition would be withdrawn with a celerity and unanimity that would break the record. Incorporation of Colma on legitimate lines is not desired by those who are pushing the Colma petition. The whole thing is a brazen, impudent scheme and will fail as it deserves to do.

TRIBUTE TO THE GRAND ARMY.

Every beneficent feature which characterized American institutions was at stake in the great Civil War, every aspiration of humanity throughout the world in behalf of personal liberty and self-government was involved in that struggle. Without success of the Union arms all these would have perished from the earth. What remote benefits mankind has to enjoy as a direct result of the preservation of the American Union, by force of arms, can only be determined when the great Republic shall have fulfilled its destiny, and its history has become a classical study in the curriculum of the far distant future.

Everything in our National life symbolized by the flag was preserved for us by the men of the Grand Army of the Republic; and the flag itself, in their hands, was expanded to such ample scope and universal application to the affairs of man, that under its beneficent folds injustice or oppression is impossible.

The living remnants of the mighty Army of the Union marching through the streets of an American city may well be received with affection, gratitude and reverential awe.—Major-General Arthur MacArthur in Sunset Magazine for August.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Witch hazel does political sores no good.

Too many men mistake alcoholic thoughts for genius.

If you like any one, he is not a schemer, but a financier.

The latest name for a hammock is a landing net. Dragnet is also good.

If you are in love, talk about it to the object of your affection, but to no other person.

When a man hesitates, he is pretty apt to be lost, and the woman in the case finds him.

No man earns wages enough to support both a family and a saloon, but it is surprising how many try it.

If some people didn't count their chickens before they were hatched they wouldn't have any to count.

We are in favor of transferring that word "quietly" from marriages to reports of funerals.

We have always imagined that it is called a de-bat, because it means that one more has butted in.

You should never punish a child when you are angry; and by the way, never scold a man for getting drunk until after he is sober.

A summer girl is visiting in town who has a mouth so big that she could easily kiss two men at once, and thus expedite matters.

The girl who wept when things went wrong has been succeeded by

the girl who says words she learned from her brother.

If we were a drayman we would feel awfully proud of a sixteen-year-old daughter who would get up in the dray and ride beside us.

If a girl can wear a shirt waist three days in succession she can knock all the petals off any daisy that grows.

No one entirely forgets the name of the first person who spoke kindly to him when he arrived, a stranger, in the town.—Atchison Globe.

A TEMPEST OF BATTLE.

Stirring Description of a Cavalry Charge at Gettysburg.

A cavalry charge met by a counter charge of cavalry is still perhaps the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge he can form little conception of its awe inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's heights upon the open, wide spreading plain below where 5,000 horses are marshaled in battle line. Standing beside them are 5,000 riders armed, booted and spurred and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly 5,000 plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, tier to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are 5,000 hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms ready to meet these in countercharge. Under those 10,000 horses are their hoofs, iron shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabers leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses clatter their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears sabers flash and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabers slashing edge against edge cutting a way through opposing ranks gashing faces, breaking arms and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short lived, but terrible.—General John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

Influence of Laughter on Digestion.

The efficacy of laughter as an aid to assimilation and alimentation has passed into such a common physiological truism that no one of ordinary intelligence needs to have the principle upon which it works elucidated for his understanding in these days of widely disseminated dietetic knowledge. The average person who is not continuously "in the dumps" knows from experience that laughter is good for digestion, says What to Eat. It should be borne in mind that mirth and good cheer need not express themselves in convulsive laughter in order to influence digestion. An amiable, contented, calm and equable temperament has marked influence upon the digestive processes without laughter.

Buttoning a Coat.

Buttoning a man's coat from right to left was the original way, when our ancestors, wrapped in skins, held the right edge with the left hand and naturally inserted a fastening thorn with the right hand. This right to left custom has been retained by the Hebrew priests in their garb to this day. When fighting men became necessary and swords and knives had to be drawn by the right hand from the left side, the edge of the coat, buttoned from right to left, was found to be in the way, and men began buttoning from the left. Nonfighting women and priests continue to follow the old custom.

The Helping Word.

There was a certain old woman who was a constant and devout attendant at church. Her husband died, and her pastor called upon her to comfort her in her sad bereavement.

"Well, my good woman," the pastor remarked, "in your bitter trial I hope you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, dominie," was the confident though tearful reply.

"That's grand, sister," exclaimed the parson sympathetically, "but tell me what passage of the word helped you most."

"Grit and bear it."

Daisy Pie.

Dining one day with a friend and being pressed to take some rhubarb pie, Lamb declined because it was physic.

"That may be," said his host, "but it is pleasant and innocent."

"So is a daisy," rejoined Lamb, "but I don't therefore like daisy pie."

"Daisy pie? Who ever heard of daisy pies?" said some one at the table.

"My authority is Shakespeare," Lamb replied. "He expressly mentions daisies pie."

The phrase occurs in the song at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost."—"Side-lights on Charles Lamb."

The Furthest Limit.

"Henpeck doesn't dare to say his soul's his own."

"It's worse than that. His wife even tips the waiter when they go out to lunch together."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRETTY GIRLS CONDUCTORS ON AN OHIO STREET CAR LINE



Chillicothe, Ohio, is a bustling business city of 12,000 inhabitants, but it gains greater notoriety from the fact that it is the only city in the United States that has lady street car conductors. When the electric line was established some time ago the superintendent said he would have women conductors, but he was laughed at. He went ahead with his idea, however, and now has a trained corps who do the work as well as men, even to jumping off and going ahead to see if the track is clear at railroad crossings, or putting "bad men" who won't pay their fare off the car.

A MACHINE TO MAKE THE DEAF HEAR.

Miller R. Hutchinson has been giving some wonderful exhibitions in New York City with his "Acousticon" apparatus, designed to enable the deaf to hear.

As most cases of deafness are only partial and result from missing or defective parts of the ear, the Acousticon is made so as to correct these faults.

The middle ear is separated from the outer by the ear-drum, and is an air-filled cavity with a chain of three small bones, one end of which is attached to the drum, and the other to the "oval window," or outer membrane of the inner ear. Sound waves striking upon the drum cause it to



vibrate, communicating the motion to the bone chain which in turn moves the "oval window." The motion of the latter is taken up by the fluid of the inner ear in which float 3,000 nerve terminals, which being wound together in the form of a cable convey each its proper sound to the brain. Most of the deafness comes from trouble in the middle ear. As sound waves will not pass from the atmosphere to a fluid the bones are needed to transfer them. When the bones become impaired deafness results. The Acousticon is made to take the place of the middle ear. It consists of a mouthpiece, an ear-cap and a storage battery—the whole making a small and easily carried outfit. Generally speaking it may be stated that the new machine takes up sound waves and transfers their energy to the fluid of the inner ear.

MISTAKEN FOR A UNION SPY.

One of the Amusing Incidents During the Recent Hotel Strike.

It was dance night at the Hotel del Prado, but owing to the sudden stampede of waiters that morning the great dining hall had not been cleared, and consequently there was no dancing. The musicians, however, were filling the air with rag-time noise, and the corridor was thronged with excited people talking together in groups. Every stranger who entered was eyed suspiciously and discussed in whispers.

A poorly dressed woman carrying a shabby traveling bag came in, went to the office and asked for a room for the night. She made no inquiries as to rates or location, and when asked to register did so in a hesitating, uncertain manner. She followed the bell-boy to the room assigned her, which was on the first floor, with a window overlooking the street. Immediately on entering she locked the door, but did not turn on the light. This roused suspicion. Later on she did not respond to a knock; this roused more suspicion.

"A spy," they said, "a union spy, sent here to find out about the state of things in the house."

A detective was stationed outside the door and a policeman patrolled the street outside her window. The latter reported that she had opened the window.

Meanwhile bewildering rumors were floating around concerning the strange lady, such as that she was a private detective; that she was a man in woman's clothing; that she had dynamite in her bag and was going to fire the house; that she was going to signal to the pickets outside and let the unionists in through the window; that

she was sent to scare out the few kitchen girls who had not gone out on strike.

She did not emerge from her room for nearly an hour. By that time everyone was on the qui vive, and when she did appear her actions were watched with absorbing interest. She walked deliberately down the long corridor, through the crowds of people, apparently oblivious to their glances.

"Going straight to the kitchen to terrify those Swedish girls," said a lady. "Wonder how she knows where to go? Must have been informed." When she reached the telephone box she stopped, looked around uncertainly, asked for a book and began to search for a number. The bellboy captain, who had been previously warned about her, offered to assist her, but she refused his offers. More suspicion. "Doesn't want anyone to know where she telephones," they said. After fumbling with the address book for a few minutes, and glancing furtively around her, she returned to her room without telephoning.

Imagination ran riot after she disappeared. "Looks like an anarchist," said one. "There'll be trouble to-night," said a nervous woman, "I'm scared to go to bed. Nothing happened that night. The next morning the strange lady promptly paid her bill and departed. And the imaginative people who supplied her with a story are still guessing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reading the Papers.

"Very old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspapers, turn to the column of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are more likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds."

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings and after that to the fashions. Young men of the healthy, open air sort turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy, does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all."

"The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the 'household' page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead, to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all."—Philadelphia Record.

Two Were Borrowed.

Appropos of President Roosevelt's fondness for large families, a story of his experience as police commissioner is told by a sergeant now on the force. It seems that the wife of a policeman who had just been fined a week's pay for drunkenness appeared one day in the commissioner's office, accompanied by three neatly dressed and attractive-looking children. Her pitiful story of back rent, which the subtracted wages was to have paid, and the sight to the children moved Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy, and, taking out his pocket-book, he gave to the woman the amount her husband had been fined. The next day the husband appeared at headquarters and was asked by a brother officer:

"Say, how many children have you at home?"

"One," was the reply. "But your wife was around here yesterday with three children."

"Oh, yes," said the culprit. "She borrowed two of them for the occasion."

Speed of Flying Electrons.

The flying electrons will whirl through sheet iron with no diminution of speed and photograph an object afterwards.

The average man is such a good and indulgent father that he finds poverty confronting him in old age.

Readiness in Excuse.

General Alexander McDowell McCook had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankle deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, you, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I-I am not-t-t-a-a-afraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I-I had the ague last year, and—standing still in this m-m-mud so long has b-b-brought it on aga-again. W-w-wouldn't it-t-t be a g-g-good idea to r-r-run a lit-ttle and get warmed up?"

Suicide by Smoking.

One of the most extraordinary suicides on record was enacted in Pesth, Baron Bela Olyi, a wealthy citizen, deliberately poisoned himself by smoking cigars and tobacco to excess. The baron had lost a large fortune in speculation. Having a wife and six children, he insured himself very heavily in their behalf in five companies and then proceeded to put into operation his unique plan for self destruction. He hired a small room in a mean portion of the city and in ten months died of what the doctors called "galloping consumption." He had consumed 3,500 cigars and about a hundred pounds of tobacco.

"My boy says his ambition is to grow up to be a man just like his father."

"I wouldn't let that worry me. When I was your boy's age I had a burning desire to be a pirate."—Stray Stories.

Arizona Sunshine.

To one who has been there, says Caspar W. Hodgson in Sunset Magazine, the name Arizona, first of all, suggests sunshine and plenty of it. Nowhere on the globe is sunshine more abundant, more appreciated or more harmless. Indeed, a sunstroke has never been recorded in this territory. Though all good Arizonians have crossed the Hualapai river, which act, according to tradition, divests one of the power to tell the truth, I believe their records are accurate as to sunstroke. The explanation is found in the fact that heat is not so much a matter of thermometer as of humidity.

The dry, hot air of the Arizona desert is invigorating to the initiated. One can learn to love the desert. There the sunrises and sunsets are intensely beautiful and nowhere on earth richer in color. This is sometimes called Sunset Land. It might also be called Land of Sunrise.—Sunset Magazine.

Hospitality Pays.

Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments, the brotherhood of man.—Dayton Herald.

Ruskin's favorite adverb was "entirely." Over the grave of his father he put a memorial stone describing the elder Ruskin as "an entirely honest merchant."

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE.
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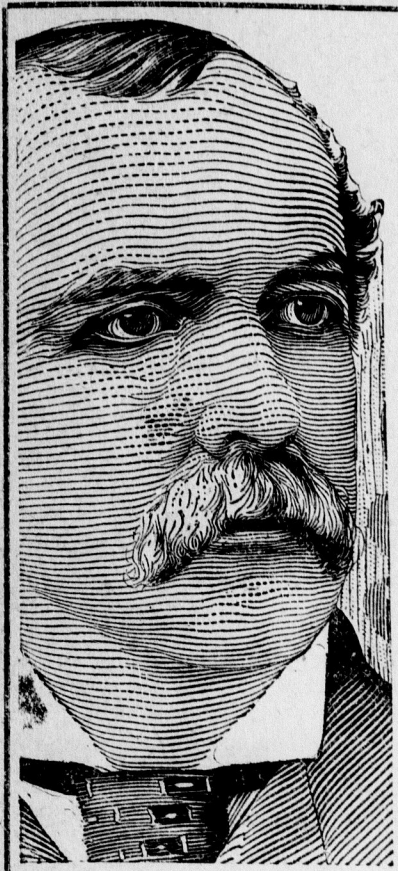
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U. S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA Recommends Per-ru-na For Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Men with a purpose make enemies. To do is to meet opposition.

Why does the average boy think that smoking makes him look manly?

Forget all things that are not pleasant to remember.

African Stomach Bitters. Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

It is not proper to ask, "What is home without a mother?" for there is no home without a mother.

I do not believe Pisco a Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds. JOHN F. BOYD, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

If you do deeds you will have to speak for yourself.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Give your bills for collection to the man who never pays his bills—he is the best collector.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Some folks are good to you only when they need you.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bumps open your eyes better than advice.

Antiseptic Laxative.

Clean the digestive canal, disinfest it thoroughly, kill and expel disease germs, stimulate the intestines. That's what Cascarets Candy Cathartic do.

Advertising in this day is a necessity that no business man can ignore.

Our goods have stood the test of time. Established since 1852. O. K. Cutter Whisky. Next time you drink ask for it. A. P. Hotelling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

It is in childhood that pleasures count most and a small act of kindness adds much joy to a child's life.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our neighbors.



DONT! BLIND YOURSELF

To the fact that Alcoholism and Drug Addictions are diseases and can be cured by the
KEELEY TREATMENT
which has been a success for a quarter of a century and endorsed by the U. S. Government. Printed matter in plain envelopes sent free upon application.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CENTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



O shirk is to surrender. It is the soul that sees. Fruits depend on roots. Man's booty cannot be God's bounty. You forget to limp when you learn to laugh.

Life's little frets call for its largest Wood-energy is seldom work-energy. There is no dotage to the Christian life.

Morning prayer sets a picket for the day.

Living with Christ makes the Christian.

A hand-me-down faith is always a misfit.

Time spent in courtesy is never wasted.

The corrupt church breeds public disease.

The heavy laden are likely to rise the highest.

Reverence is the sign of reality in religion.

A creedless religion may easily be deedless.

Happiness can only come in where it goes out.

What we call sorrow God may call strength.

The rabble rule only when the righteously retire.

Great aspirations do not atone for little actions.

The waste of time sows the weeds of eternity.

God gives opportunity in answer to importunity.

Love is the best lens with which to view another.

A sad world cannot be sweetened by a sour religion.

Individual righteousness will secure universal reform.

Truth knows how to be tolerant without trucking.

Patience and earnestness are pass-words to success.

No need to eat the brambles in order to get the berries.

The frost of gold is worse than that of the want of it.

Our duty to the present is paying our debts to the past.

The absence of sanity does not prove the presence of sanctity.

The pruning off of sins will not of itself produce perfection.

The most dangerous hypocrite is the one who deceives himself.

Don't buy your frills before you have paid for your foundation.

The robe of righteousness is not a cloak for the sores of sin.

He who seeks to get without giving is a gambler no matter what his business.

AUTOMOBILE LAWN MOWER.

How It Works on the Grounds of the National Capitol.

Heretofore the mowing of the several hundred acres of lawn that surround the Capitol was considerable of a problem, says the Washington Star, and many men were annually engaged in the work. From April to October they were kept busy with mowers, scythes and sickles, and there was no time when the entire grounds were clothed with an even coat of grass. This is no longer a fact, for the automobile has taken its place in the grounds of the Capitol and pushes and pulls a regulation revolving lawn mower all over the place.

The engine that drives the blades has the general appearance of a small asphalt roller, except that all of the metal work is copper and brass, giving the machine the appearance of a small fire engine. On the front seat is room for two men, and beside the engineer are levers that control the engine and enable him to operate it in any direction as quickly as a man can turn a hand mower. The rudder is a small roller that trails along behind the revolving blades, and by the turn of the wrist the little wonder executes all manner of maneuvers except to climb trees, and it all but does this, for it will cut as near to the trunks as can a man with a sickle.

The gear is arranged from the engine, the power of which is steam. The front rollers serve the purpose of wheels and the speed of the machine while at work is several times as fast as could be accomplished by a hand-rolling lawn mower, besides which it cuts more than twice as wide a path through the grass. It saves the beautiful turf from destruction under the feet of the horses, that were formerly used on the large machines, for the rollers are a help toward the making of a perfect lawn rather than a hindrance. It is a decided success and there are apt to be enough of them kept in operation to keep the lawns at all times evenly cut, a problem that has in the past been no small one to the superintendent of the grounds.

Large Artificial Lake.

In a gorge of rock a little more than 200 feet wide the United States government has decided to construct a dam of solid masonry, the first under the Hamaborough-Newlands act, at the Tonto Basin site, that will create in the valleys of the upper Sant river and Tonto creek the largest artificial lake in the world. It will irrigate 200,000 acres.

STANDARD TIME.

Its Origin and the Arrangement of Its Dividing Lines.

Standard time is a system arranged by the railroads of the United States and Canada originally. The purpose was to do away with the multitude of different "times" used in business which affected the railways and in operating the lines. The territory in which these railroads lay was divided into belts running north and south and about 15 degrees wide, from east to west; in every such division of the country all railway business was to be done on the same time. In the maritime provinces of Canada and a part of Maine the time used was that of the sixtieth meridian west of Greenwich. In the rest of New England and as far west as Pittsburg and Buffalo the time fixed was that of the seventy-fifth meridian, which is the time of Washington. The next belt westward was nineteenth meridian time, which is about the local time of New Orleans, and then comes mountain time, which is nearly that of Denver. Still farther west is Pacific time, which is that of the one hundred and twentieth meridian. Standard time divisions are not just 15 degrees from east to west nor are their boundaries regular. They are mapped out to suit the railroads, and the changes are usually fixed at points which are junctions for great railways or division terminals on the same lines. Sun time is supposed by most people to be the actual astronomical time of every place from day to day, but it is really an averaging or equalizing of exact local time, for the movements of the earth are too irregular to permit the convenient use of astronomical time. Just as it is determined by the position of the heavenly bodies.—Detroit Free Press.

The Glory of California Scenery.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul so long will the glory of California scenery and that of the whole Pacific coast prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire western seaboard." Suffice it to say that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to beauty and grandeur with which nature has clothed the west that offers the most promise of its rapid literary advancement—a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.—Herbert Baskford in Atlantic.

Indiscretion.

"Aren't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful?"

"Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects, and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing about it."—New York Times.

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness.

This is why it is serious, and most serious to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best thing you can do for loss of appetite is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It will make you ready to eat, give a relish to your food, and assist in its digestion.

This great medicine cures all stomach troubles, and builds up the whole system

A Rocking Shrine.

The most wonderful temple in the world is built on a rocking stone on the summit of a mountain in northern India which is over 20,000 feet high. The rock weighs many thousands of tons, but is balanced on so fine a point that a comparatively light pressure is sufficient to make it sway. Hindoo priests teach their followers that this rock was placed in position by the help of the gods, and thus they add considerably to the feeling of awe which they desire to create.

Worshippers at this shrine must first make a perilous ascent of the mountain. Then they spend seven days of preparation in a temple built on the solid mountain before they are permitted to make the final passage to the mysterious rocking stone. To reach this it is necessary to cross a bridge over a great chasm, for nature and man have combined to make this Hindoo shrine difficult of access. After crossing the bridge the pilgrim mounts a ladder, to which he clings in terror for his life here and in the hereafter. The temple on the rock is necessarily small. Three priests officiate there, but its mysteries no man is permitted to reveal. Europeans have seen it only from a distance.

Making Allowances.

Bronson—I don't see why you should be so angry at your son for marrying. We have to make allowances for the young, you know.

Munson—Confound it, that's what I'm kicking about. I not only have to make an allowance for him, but now I'll have to make one for his wife too.—Kansas City Journal.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells of her cure by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109 pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. W. H. Pelham, Jr., 108 E. Baker St., Richmond, Va., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say that I do not believe there is any female medicine to compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I return to you my heartfelt thanks for what your medicine has done for me. Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was so badly off that I thought I could not live much longer. The little work I had to do was a burden to me. I suffered with irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea, which caused an irritation of the parts. I looked like one who had consumption, but I do not look like that now, and I owe it all to your wonderful medicine.

"I took only six bottles, but it has made me feel like a new person. I thank God that there is such a female helper as you."

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Sponge Growing. Sponges are cultivated in West Indian waters and the Mediterranean. In its natural state the bath or toilet sponge is fleshy and covered with a black skin. To obtain the light colored, horny and elastic skeleton, sponges are left in shallow sea water for several days in a staked inclosure until the rotten animal matter can be beaten out. For artificial cultivation a living sponge is cut into small blocks, about a cubic inch in size, with a portion of the outer skin on each. These, fixed to a frame of weighted trellis-work, are sunk into a few fathoms of clear water, where they flourish best on a bottom of green seaweed free from mud. In about seven years the cuttings grow into sponges of marketable size.

Their Chance. Jasper—Young Scadsby has enough. Why doesn't he keep out of business and give others a chance?

Jumpuppe—But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money.—Life.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets." CHAS. STEDFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

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NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

10 CENTS.

CURES ALL HEADACHES.

QUICKLY CURED BY

BROMO-SELTZER

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

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